



BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

LOUISA, LAWRENCE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, JANUARY 5, 1912.

M. F. CONLEY, Publisher.

Volume XVII. Number 18.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Heavy Fine Inflicted for Vote Selling.

Blankenship and Pack Brought Back Thursday from Catlettsburg for Trial.

The January term of the Lawrence Circuit Court began January 1st. Judge J. H. Haunah, who was prevented by serious illness from presiding over his court last fall, was present and is "doing things" with his usual vigor and dispatch. Mr. John M. Waugh, the Commonwealth's Attorney, being absent, the court appointed Mr. H. C. Sullivan to represent the State until Mr. Waugh's coming, which was on Tuesday morning.

As usual, the initial number on the day's programme was the formation of the Big 12, the Supreme Inquilitors, otherwise known as the grand jury. The following comprise this important body:

R. S. Chaffin, foreman; Simon Hartnett, N. A. Borders, M. Z. Maynard, James York, James W. Diamond, R. H. Ferguson, J. N. McClure, J. H. Fratey, J. L. Osborne, L. R. Swan, Frank Hammond.

After having been duly sworn and charged the jury retired and at once began its inquiry.

Judge Haunah's charge to the grand jury was, like all his deliveries of this character, specific, clear and forcible. He certainly "pushed the button" Monday, and it was to the juries to do the rest.

Following petit jury was impanelled and will be the regular for the term:

Chaffin, Isaac Burton, W. Brook, L. W. Garred, E. S. J. H. Kasee, Robert Dixon, Myers, M. L. Burgess, J. C. W. S. Shivel, C. H. Stewart, Ann Mead, W. M. Cooksey, Elton, Lindsey Webb, W. S. Sam, Albert Caperton, C. B. Short, W. B. Clayton, H. H. Hewlett, S. Wilson, Brack Hollbrook and B. Judd.

Two of the bribery cases were tried early this week and both defendants were convicted. Irvin Griffith was fined \$500. James Vanover was fined \$50. Conviction for selling carries with it disqualification. Dealing in votes will not be a very active industry in this county for some time.

The case of Ben Blankenship, charged with the murder of Oscar Lee, had been set for Thursday, was that against John Pack for killing and wounding his wife, the man, who had been taken to Catlettsburg for safe keeping, were brought back Thursday morning, just now the NEWS cannot say what disposition will be made of these cases. Judge S. G. Kinner, of Catlettsburg, and M. S. Burns will assist in the prosecution of Blankenship, and W. D. O'Neal, Cain and Thompson and M. C. Kirk will defend.

Cain and Thompson will assist in the prosecution of Pack, and W. D. O'Neal will defend.

The trial of the gang of men and women that broke into the Hood's Fork school house is set for Friday, the 5th.

LATER—The Blankenship case will be tried next Thursday, that is to say, having been fixed by the court.

WANTS SIX TERMS YEARLY

The Boyd County Bar Association had its first meeting since its organization last Tuesday. County Court house at Paintsville meeting among the very important bar having the Court cleared and unanimously the committee legal Reform to file a bill to the Boyd county six court per year the number we are to be three three six-weeks Tribune.

Huntington Had Big Fire.

Huntington had a disastrous fire Sunday one of the most destructive that has occurred there for a long time. The fire originated in the basement of the McCory building, near third avenue on Ninth street, and involved the Five and Ten cent store, the Frost shoe store, the Broth clothing house and other adjoining property to a greater or less extent. The Five and Ten Cent store and the Frost shoe store were the main sufferers and their loss very great, that of the Frost house having been especially severe practically ruining the entire stock which was large.

The goods in the Five and Ten Cent store were almost all damaged. The aggregate loss on these two establishments was heavy.

The fire coming as it did on Sunday, was watched by an immense throng of people, and so dense did the crowd become, that extra police had to be sworn in in order to keep the crowd back.

It was a spectacular fire and the worst that has visited Huntington for some time.

Death of Mrs. Borders.

Mrs. Eliza Borders, wife of Marion Borders, formerly of this county but more recently of London, Ohio, died in a Columbus hospital on Sunday, Dec. 31. Her body was brought here the following day and was taken to her old home near Ulysses, where it was buried Tuesday, Jan. 2nd, in the Borders' graveyard.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Barnes Comley. Mrs. Borders died of appendicitis. When she was taken to the hospital it was too late for an operation. Mrs. Borders was 52 years old and is survived by her husband and several children. She was a devout Christian and a devoted wife and mother. The family moved from the home place about four years ago. Mrs. Borders was the aunt of Mr. Lou Burton, of this city.

REVIVAL MEETINGS

Began Wednesday Night at the M. E. Church South.

THE ENTERTAINMENT.

What was probably the largest audience of the season, so far, greeted the Harmony Concert Company at Masonic Hall last Monday evening.

From all that had been said and written of the company much was expected of it, and the NEWS is glad to be able to say, truthfully, that all expectations were fully met.

Four very capable people comprise the troupe, a tenor and a soprano singer, a pianist and reader and a violinist, every one excellent in her and his line. The singers are Mr.

and Mrs. McIntyre, the reader and

pianist is Miss Leigh and Miss Cogswell is the violinist.

Solo and duet singing, with piano and violin accompaniment, violin solos and readings made a delightful programme of nine announced numbers, nearly every one of which was encored two and three times.

Miss Leigh doesn't "read" at all,

in the literal sense of the word. She talks to you in the most engaging, fetching sort of way, so

soaring after the unfathomable, but in a

most natural, charming way she tells

the story of a sensible filtration, of

the little girl with Smith and Miltier

"Do Both," which, with her funny

little pianologues, won recall after

recall.

There, now, we've written so

much about Miss Leigh that we

have no room for much about the

exquisite playing of Miss Cogswell

and the delicious notes of the Mis-

tere and other choice selections.

All in all it was a treat, long to be

remembered by all who heard it.

MARTIN COUNTY GIRLS

Relieved of Their Money While in Catlettsburg.

A young woman giving her name as Flossie Kirk, and whose home is said to have been until very recently in Greenbrier county, W. Va., made a great effort yesterday to replenish her finances by "lifting" a few dollars from some college girls who were on their way to Richmond to attend the Eastern Kentucky Normal school.

These girls were daughter of Dr. Fairchild, and Farmer Hinckle respectively, two prominent citizens of Inez, Martin county. The girls had arrived on the forenoon Big Sandy train and had gone to the York House for dinner and to wait for the outgoing train to take them to Richmond. In the meantime, the Kirk woman came to the hotel and sat around the parlor until the hour for dinner had arrived and the two college girls went to the dining room, having left their pocket books in the room occupied by the Kirk woman. While they were out their pocket books were lifted and \$7.50 taken from one and \$5.50 from the other. The Kirk woman was suspected and the police was called and she was taken to a room and searched by Mr. York, by direction of the police. Mrs. York found a five dollar gold coin and a fifty cent silver coin in the woman's stocking but this was all she could find and it is the presumption of these knowing to the circumstances that the woman had an accomplice on the outside to whom she had switched the remaining sum of money taken from the girls.

The Kirk woman was taken before Judge McConnell and committed to jail and it is said that steps will likely be taken to have her sent to the reformatory school, as she is said to be between sixteen and seventeen years old.

Her mind is said to not be just

right, though she has been married and has a living husband from whom she is separated.

She came here a week ago to

make her home with relatives who resides a short distance in the

country.—Catlettsburg Tribune.

NEARLY A NONAGENARIAN.

Mrs. Morgan Martin, aged 83 years, died at her home on Little Blaine this week. Death was due to the infirmities of age. She was a good, Christian woman.

Another Hatfield Victim.

Willis Hatfield, a son of "Devil Anse," the noted fiddler, is said to have killed Dr. E. O. Thornhill, in Wyoming county, W. Va., on Sunday afternoon. The report says that the shooting took place at a small town called Mullens, and the only provocation was the refusal of Dr. Thornhill to give Hatfield a prescription to the local drug store that he might procure liquor. The Doctor had refused to give the prescription a second time when Hatfield drew his gun and shot the physician four times. Hatfield attempted to escape but was arrested by a crowd that witnessed the tragedy and was taken to the county jail at Pineville.

C. & O. Telegraphers

Richmond, Va., December 29.—The demands of the telegraph operators of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway for a 15 per cent increase in wages, which acts under provisions of the Erdman act, will be decided by the National Board of Mediation. This was decided upon to-day at the final conference with General Greee.

Judge Martin A. Knapp, of the Commerce Court, and Charles P. Nell, Commissioner of Labor, were immediately notified and will probably call a meeting of the board either in Washington or Richmond.

In the event the Mediation Board grants the operators an increase equaling 12 1/2 per cent there will be no strike, otherwise a strike will be called, as the 800 members of the Order of Railway Telegraphers employed by the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway from Newport News to Chicago have thus voted.

SAFETY DEVICE FOR RAILWAY TRACKS.

Joseph B. Compton, a well known citizen of Buchanan, this county, has invented and patented a device which, if it meets the purpose for which it is intended, will save many a valuable life and make the inventor and his assignee, F. T. D. Wallace Jr., of this city, rich men. It is well known that what is known as the split switch is the great terror of railroad engineers. It is a hidden danger, one that cannot be seen or felt until it is hit, and then the next thing is the ambulance and the undertaker. Mr. Compton's invention is a rerailing device compressing main and turnout track rails, movable switch points and rerailing shoes located rearward of the respective switch points in the angle formed by the converging main track and turn-out rails on the two sides of the track, the said shoes being detachable from said rails, and engaging the webs of said rails, and bolts passing transversely through said shoes and through the rails between which they are located and adapted to clamp said rails and shoes together, substantially as described. The Interstate commerce commission has the invention and has referred it to its committee on safety devices.

ALL HELD TO ANSWER.

Salyersville, Ky., Dec. 31.—The examining trial of Berry Burton and the Harvey boys, charged with killing former Magistrate Sam Picklesimer Christmas evening, closed at noon today. Burton was refused bond. Charles Harvey was allowed bail in the sum of \$6,000, Ben Harvey in the sum of \$3,000, and the other two Harvey boys in the sum of \$1,000 each for their appearance at the next term of Circuit Court.

Excitement ran high for several nights after the arrest, and mob violence was feared.

PIKEVILLE MAN DEAD.

Marion, the two months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Hager, of Paintsville, died about midnight of Monday, Jan. 1st, at Riverview hospital. After funeral service at the hospital, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Sted, pastor of the Paintsville M. E. Church South, the body was taken to Paintsville Tuesday evening for interment. The child had suffered much from a spinal affection, and when it was attacked by jaundice it was unable to withstand the disease. Mrs. Hager, whose illness has been heretofore noted in this paper, is much improved.

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C. & O. WRECK.

C. & O. Cincinnati and Washington passenger train No. 5 was wrecked near McKeeney station, which is between Hinton and Thurmond last Thursday. The wreck was caused by a slide that occurred just as the engine approached the point of the accident.

The engine and first three cars

of the train left the track, turning over and killing Engineer Dunn

and Conductor. The unfortunate engineer was the only one seriously injured.

EDICINE WITHOUT ALCOHOL

Proven by experiments on animals that the body and that alcohol paralyzes the one-half of the human race.

Without alcohol, which is a pure root, Golden Seal root, Ma-ha-roots, for the past forty years gives life to activity.

S the liquid of large amount.

For tonic.

Fraternal Societies Elect.

On Dec. 27 Apperson Lodge F. & A. M., elected and installed the following officers:

W. M., Henry Evans.

S. W., William Marrs.

J. W., Will Queen.

S. D., G. A. Nash.

J. D., George Carter.

Sec., S. J. Justice.

Treas., Augustus Snyder.

Tiler, N. D. Waldeck.

On Friday night, Dec. 29, Louisa Lodge No. 270, I. O. O. F., elected the following officers:

S. J. Picklesimer, N. G.

A. C. Holbrook, V. G.

C. E. Hensley, Sec.

W. C. Queen, Treas.

Louisa Encampment held an election of officers last Monday night with this result:

C. E. Hensley, C. P.

D. W. Blankenship, H. P.

H. B. Muney, S. W.

J. B. Picklesimer, J. W.

W. M. Justice, Treas.

W. A. Marrs, Serb.

Salyersville Woman Suicides.

Huntington, W. Va., Jan.—Mrs. Nannie Howard 28, supposed to have come to Huntington from Salyersville, Ky., six months ago, committed suicide in apartments at 911 Seventh avenue at 6 o'clock last evening by drinking a two-ounce bottle of carbolic acid.

There is more or less mystery attached to the affair. About the only facts available last night were pertaining to the woman's age, former place of residence and the method by which she made her departure from the realm of mortal existence.

She lived on the second floor of an apartment, the first section of which is occupied by an Assyrian family. The first notice of the tragic affair was transmitted to Dr. Prichard by a woman of the neighborhood, and the physician arrived on the scene, but ten minutes before expired, too late to give relief.

ANOTHER GAS WELL.

Ashland Now Has Two Large Gas Producers.

At 10 o'clock today the news was flashed over the city that another gas well had been struck in the region of Murphy's Springs. An investigation of the report proved that it was true, and that Mr. W. R. Vansant, who is putting down a well on the McCown property not far from the well at Murphy's Springs, struck a flow of gas this morning at 10 o'clock at 550 feet

Are You a Woman?

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

HOME CIRCLE COLUMN

COLUMN DEDICATED TO TIRED
MOTHERS AS THEY JOIN
THE HOME CIRCLE.

A Happy New Year to every reader
of this department.

FACING THE NEW YEAR.
The clock struck 12 on December 31st, and we are ushered into a New Year—with how many plans for the future—new resolves, many alas! that are made to be broken. But let us welcome the unbroken paths and grasp the new conditions with a firm hand grateful for the blessings the old year has brought to us.

How the years come and vanish! When the Christmas bells have ceased their ringing we stand facing the New Year which comes with noiseless peace out of the future and we wonder what it will bring us. We are certain of one thing, that in our hands is vested the power to make the year one of character growth—if the old year has brought to us failures with the new year the tide may turn. Failure is sometimes the stepping stone to coming success. The past is gone but the present is left us in which to work. We must conquer difficulties and not let them conquer us, then what was considered a possibility may become a reality. It takes what seems much like drudgery to do anything well. Let us during the new-born year take all the good that lies within our reach. The beauty and the glory of the world are close at hand but some see nothing but clay. Hold fast to duty. This will be of value in the storm or in the sunshine. The most successful life is the one that has done the most for his fellow man. Happy then is the man who

has that in his nature that acts on others as the April sun on violets.

We can wish no better thing for all our readers than that they begin the new year animated by a firm resolve to turn all its experience into profit for themselves, mentally, morally, socially and materially, and then to faithfully carry out the resolution.

Happy New Year! What a blessed year! Speak it from the heart and then strive to make every one's New Year, a happy year and yours will be happy indeed.

The days, weeks and years slip away like water in running streams. Time's great clock never loses a moment. Relentlessly, surely the moments pass, and our eager hands are not able to detain them. We cannot keep back the flying years, but we can and should keep the blessings they bring. Hold fast to the lessons they have taught. Keep the memory of their joys. Enrich every day of life with the garnering of wealth of the days behind.

Don't give away your good resolutions; keep them. Don't make the same mistakes in 1912 that you made in 1911. The more you laugh in 1912 the less occasion you will have for sighing in after years. Just consider that 1912 will be the last of your life and get all the happiness possible out of it. Don't lose your temper in 1912. You will need it when the 1912 agents and other factors call on you. "The good die young," don't let that prove true in regard to your good New Year's resolution.

CRUMB OF COMFORT.

Year by year for twenty centuries the story of the night at Bethlehem has been told and retold. Today no household in Christendom, in town or village or on distant prairie can plead the ignorance in which Bethlehem then lay. If the

door is shut on the Christ-child today, it is not from lack of knowledge, but from churlishness or indifference.

All the old troublous questions of the origin and destination of the Galilee Carpenter have passed.

All the medieval wrangling in discriminating between human and divine has gone, all the puzzled inquiry into the miraculous. No longer is mankind stirred over the non-essential. Theories of him fade away, dogmas of his nature lose their charm. His gentleness has conquered. His influence continues and widens. Slowly brightening, the gleam that touched him spreads through the world. His spirit moves on the face of civilization and makes it kindlier every generation.

The New Year of 1912 will find

more living close to the Golden Rule than any year in the history of the world. This unites family life, sweater and ease the bitterness of failure and ignorance and all life's incompleteness. That wonder-working personality was never so potent as today—so insistent and tenderly sure. Under a thousand forms, creeds and names, men serve him.

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NEWS FROM COUNTIES JUST
ACROSS THE RIVER IN
WEST VIRGINIA.

Its body crushed by a falling rock, Chauncey Edens, 22 years old was instantly killed in a Christmas hunting tragedy on Davis Creek.

His mutilated remains were brought to Huntington yesterday morning. A sorrowing father, Henry Edens, accompanied the body to this city.

Young Edens had gone hunting and was stooping over a rabbit hole when a huge boulder was dislodged from a cliff. He had not the slightest warning and was crushed to death instantly. A hunting dog met the same fate as its master.

Relatives of the young man rushed to the scene of the tragedy and saw the lifeless body of young Edens protruding from underneath the boulder.

In Lincoln county, W. Va., at the mouth of Stone Coal creek on Mud river, a tragic shooting affray occurred on the evening of Christmas day, resulting in the death of Woodson Miller, 23 years old at the hands of Anthony Hager, 22 years old.

A current version of the affair is that Hager, dodging bullets from a revolver in the hands of Miller, took the gun from Miller's hands and fired three shots into his breast causing instant death. It is said that Miller had been drinking, and that when he met Hager an old baird was inflamed and he drew his pistol and started firing. Hager dodged the bullets, grappled with his assailant,



Peter Cooper, who when yet alive, gave \$630,000 to found Cooper Union in New York City, earned only \$25 a year for the first two years he was in that city. He was an apprentice to a coach maker. He SAVED \$20 the first two years and put it in the bank.

Make OUR Bank YOUR Bank.

M. G. Watson, Pres.
M. F. Conley, Cashier
Aug. Snyder, V. Pres.
G. R. Burgess,
Asst. Cashier

THE
LOUISA NATIONAL
BANK

J. F. Hackworth,
F. H. Yates
Dr. L. H. York
R. L. Vinson

CORNER OF MAIN STREET, LOUISA, KY.

Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, such as sluggish bowels, weak kidneys and bladder and TORPID LIVER.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these organs, stimulating the bowels, causing them to perform their natural functions as in youth and

IMPARTING VIGOR

to the kidneys, bladder and LIVER.

They are adapted to old and young.

ant, wrested the revolver from his grasp and emptied its contents into his breast.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 21. An announcement was made at the state department this morning that Hon. Elliott Northcott of Huntington, W. Va., has been appointed by the president to the post of minister to Venezuela, and that he would be expected to report at Caracas, early in the year.

Later in the day the presentation of the nomination to the senate for confirmation established the truth of the earlier appointment.

The new appointment is looked upon as a decided promotion. Mr. Northcott has served successfully as minister to Columbia, and as minister to Nicaragua. He left Managua in the summer on account of his health, and had been in this country on leave since that time.

Mr. Northcott is looked upon by the president, and by the heads of the department, as one of the successful and valuable members of the diplomatic service.

Morgantown, W. Va., Dec. 29. After being trailed by bloodhounds to an abandoned coal mine eight miles from the scene of his alleged crime, Jim Benton, the negro who is being hunted as the alleged slayer of Agnes Peters, a 17 years old white girl of Cascade, a mining town in Preston county, has eluded the posse. The negro is thought to have escaped into Pennsylvania.

The funeral of the murdered girl in Cascade yesterday was attended by a big crowd from the mining village and surrounding country. Justice of the peace M. Harold Taylor, of Maysontown, who is also deputy coroner of Preston county, held the inquest today, the jury finding that the Peters girl was murdered by Jim Preston without provocation.

On Sunday morning at 2 o'clock bloodhounds traced the alleged murderer to an old mine near Rock Forge. A careful watch was kept at both entrances of the mine in the hope that hunger would drive the negro into the open. But today the conclusion is that he had got out unnoticed or had been hiding outside the mine and had fled when opportunity offered.

Here is a remedy that will cure your cold.

Why waste time and money experimenting when you can get a preparation that has won world-wide reputation by its cures of this disease and can always be depended upon?

It is known everywhere as Chamberlain's "Cough Remedy," and is a medicine of real merit. For sale by all dealers.

After the third mouth the calf will begin to want extra winter, and some may be mixed with the milk.

If the strawberry plants are vigorous, and the bed not too weedy, it may pay to renovate it for other year.

Watch the bowels of both mare and colt, and if there are any indications of constipation give more succulent food.

Turn separator with a steady and uniform speed and flush down with skim milk or water at end of separation.

There are many methods of storing seed corn, but in all cases the place of storing must be dry and well ventilated.

It is almost impossible to keep the parts of a hand separator clean and bright without the use of some washing powder.

In building new quarters for swine, the foundations should be made permanent and the floors double and wind and waterproof.

If the sheep are kept on the pastures too late, they will eat right down into the roots, and do more harm than grass will do them good.

Keep the cows in clean yards during the day, and supply rations of food value to keep up the production of the herd to a paying point.

Now is the time to figure whether it would be cheaper to build a comfortable house for the hogs or supply the heat this winter by feeding extra grain.

Among the essentials of the successful care and management of a farm flock of mutton sheep are that we treat them in a manner adapted to their nature.

Young pigs are so partial toward foods rich in protein that they will require an excess of that element if given an opportunity, thereby stunting their growth.

The only method of ridding the poultry houses and nests of mites is to use strong treatment with a liquid lice and mite killer and keep the poultry house thoroughly clean.

The cow gets up on her hind feet first, with head down. For this reason the manger should be low and the cow allowed enough freedom in her stall so that she can rise with ease.

Old rotten apples, plums, grapes and prunings serve as excellent winter homes for many insects and bacterial diseases. These "mummies" and prunings should be gathered up and burned.

NOTES from
MEADOWBROOK
FARM

By William Pitt



A silo is a necessity.

Provide free range for hogs.

Horses and mules are very fond of out straw.

Every dairy should have a butter or milk standard.

Only the wealthy man can afford to keep a poor cow.

The horse is the only animal which every farmer must have.

Dogs make an excellent ration for growing and breeding hogs.

Pedigreed stock, with animals, means known parentage on both sides.

Do not neglect to spray the orchard trees and berry bushes this year.

Every instant that milk stands in the stable it gathers contamination.

The silo helps solve the problem of making a profit from \$100 an acre land.

Do not allow a boss colt to ougger or smaller one. Separate them.

Do not place much faith in new feeds—you do not know what they are made of.

Beginners should not purchase large colonies of bees. Begin moderately and go slow.

In feeding a milk cow a corn ration, reduce the ration at first induction of fattening.

There are usually some ewes that have served their days of usefulness and better be discarded.

Some of the cut over corn ground can be sown to rye for late fall, winter and early spring pasture.

Turn the straw into the corn for the straw to be mixed with the milk.

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Member
Kentucky Press Association
and Ninth
District Publishers League

Published every Friday by
M. F. CONLEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—One Dollar per year, in
advance.
ADVERTISING RATES furnished
upon application.

Friday, January 5, 1912.

One good thing is to be said of
a tin horn. It doesn't deceive its
looks.

A Detroit policeman was held up
and robbed of \$1,376. The account
fails to say whom the policeman had
held up.

"Fresh Meat Industry" was
a headline in a newspaper of
recent date. Jaller Al, Hays can give
particulars.

Democratic State officials elected
in November took charge of the
State offices Monday. Little cere-
mony was attached to the change.

Louisville thieves robbed a store
of sauer kraut, sorghum and wine.
Acute indigestion was the verdict
of the jury that sat on the "re-
mainus."

Claude B. Terrell, of Trimble Co.,
was nominated for Speaker of the
Kentucky House of Representatives
over Harry Schoberth, of Woodford
county, in the Democratic caucus by
a vote of 43 to 29.

Finding a thousand dollars under
your plate Christmases moraling is
what might be termed as first aid
to digestion.

Maybe so. Some men we know
would drop dead over such a find.

With 78 Democratic majority on
joint ballot, the coming session of
the General Assembly comes near,
it does not actually hold the record
for the size of the representation
of the majority party. In the
Senate there will be 32 Democrats
to 6 Republicans, and in the
House the relative strength is 76
to 24.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

The Mt. Sterling Gazette says:
"In the event that Montgomery
is recommended in the new dis-
tricting bill, making the district
solidly Democratic, friends here are

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be
pleased to learn that there is at least one
dreaded disease that science has been
able to cure in all its stages, and that is
Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only
possible cure for this disease. The medical
fraternity, Catarrh being a constitutional
disease, requires a constitutional treatment.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,
acting directly upon the blood
and nervous system, the system, being
destroyed, the formation of the disease
ceases, and giving the patient strength by
building up the constitution and assiduous
nature in doing this work. The proprietors
have so much faith in its curative powers
that they give \$100 Reward to any
person that can't be cured. Call
for list of testimonies.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by all Druggists, etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

THANK YOU--
COME AGAIN

We are always glad to see you and
to know that we can save you money
in our entire stock of goods, which
consists of Up-to-Date

Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes
and Groceries.

Men's and Women's Arctics and Overshoes.

MONEY SAVED is MONEY MADE
BY TRADING WITH US.

A. L. BURTON,
LOUISA KENTUCKY.

quietly nursing a boom for Judge
Squire Turner for the Democratic
nomination for Congress."

Better wait till the change is
made before you begin to count
your chickens. There are plenty of
Democrats in the Ninth who would
like to succeed Billy Fields, but
Billy is not yet ready to be suc-
ceeded.

The Federal Circuit Courts, which
are as old as the nation itself, passed
out of existence Sunday. The
Judges will be transferred to the
Circuit Court of Appeals.

Claude H. Terrell, of Trimble
county, was elected Speaker of the
House by a strict party vote. His
opponent was R. C. McClure, of
Louisa, who was the Republican can-
didate of the minority. Mr. Terrell
was the avowed favorite of Governor
McCroary as being the candidate
who was thoroughly in sympathy
with his policy. In Mr. Terrell the
House has an admirably equipped
presiding officer, and one pledged
to the earnest support of the
entire Democratic platform. The same
loyal support will undoubtedly be
given by the President of the Senate,
Lieut. Governor McDermott.

There is a disposition among a
number of the members of the com-
ing Legislature to provide more pay
for members of succeeding General
Assemblies. They say that the
pittance of \$5 per day now allowed by
the constitution is entirely inade-
quate for the service performed by
the solons, and in these days of
high cost of living is ridiculous-
ly small. Many members favor a sal-
ary amounting to \$1,000 a year for
Representatives and Senators. Such
a pay, it is argued, would be an in-
centive to getting good men to
stand for these offices, who are now
prevented because they would serv-
at a loss of time and money. Under
the constitution the pay must be
fixed on a per diem basis. A per
diem of \$15 a day would mean a
salary of \$1,000 a year.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 29.—Suit was
filed in the Franklin County Court
this afternoon by the Commonwealth
of Kentucky, by J. W. Huntsman,
State Revenue Agent, against the
Chesapeake & Ohio Railway Company
for taxes on \$197,000,000 of
alleged omitted franchise valuations
for the five years from 1907 to 1911
inclusive, the taxes on this sum
amounting to \$85,000 for the five
years. The petition, which is filed
by Hazelrigg & Hazelrigg, L. W.
Morris and Scott & Hamilton attor-
neys, of this city, alleges that the
C. & O. made improper reports to
the State Auditor as to its net earnings
for the years mentioned, thereby
secured a franchise valuation lower
than the road was entitled to.

If the courts should decide that
franchise taxes were due on this
amount the State would recover
\$85,000 in taxes, and each county
in the State of Kentucky through
which the roads run or operate under
lenses would get its pro rata
part according to its tax rate in
force each year, so the attorneys
say, and Franklin county would also
get a part, although the C. & O.
owns no property in this county.

A similar suit was filed some
months ago against the L. & N. rail-
road and against the Illinois Central
railroad, but the latter has not
been passed on by the courts.

Kentucky Normal College.

The winter and spring term of
the K. N. C. opened on Monday last
most auspiciously. Upwards of fifty
students, young people of both
sexes, came in on Saturday last,
and since that time nearly every
train has brought more. The en-
rollment to date is largely in excess
of what was expected and the pros-
pect for a successful term was never
better. In this connection it is
gratifying to mention one significant
fact. Induced by some cause, it
is difficult to say exactly what, two
or three students from the up river
section had gone to a school located
in a different part of the State.
In the language of the comic song
they "walked right in and turned
around and walked right out again"
and cast their lot with the K. N. C.
Why any boy or girl from the
Big Sandy should want to pass by
a school like the Kentucky Normal
College and seek instruction in a
distant part of the State the news is
at a loss to say. Everything
taught in the best schools in the
State can be acquired here. The best
Normal method of teaching is fol-
lowed in the K. N. C., used by
Prof. Huntington and Keundson
men who have had special
training and years of experience in
this work.

Louisville is a model school town so
far as moral atmosphere is concerned.
There is absolutely not a
dive nor a doggery in it. Shuns and
red lights are conspicuous by their
absence. Churches and good people
and good influence about.

So many young men and women
are desirous of fitting themselves
for business that, while in no wise
neglecting other branches, much atten-
tion will be given this year to the
business course. A teacher of
large experience has been secured
for the department, Mr. Eldridge
Barger, of Indiana. He will give
daily instruction in business and
commercial science and in the
branches which aid in acquiring a
thorough knowledge of those im-
portant pursuits.

RESULTS THAT REMAIN

Are Appreciated by Louisa People.

Thousands who suffer from back-
ache and kidney complaint have
tried one remedy after another, find-
ing only temporary benefit. This
is discouraging, but there is medi-
cine especially for kidney trouble
and there is plenty of proof right
in Louisa that is good.

Here is the testimony of one
who used Doan's Kidney Pills years
ago, and now re-affirms his faith
in this remedy.

Mrs. R. J. Lewis, Frankfort St., Lou-
isa, Ky., says: "For a long time
I was afflicted with kidney complaint
and though I tried various remedies,
I derived no benefit. Finally I
took Doan's Kidney Pills and they
drove away the backache and other
symptoms of kidney trouble."

Mrs. Lewis gave the above account
of her experience with Doan's Kid-
ney Pills in January 1905 and when
interviewed on June 21, 1909, she
said: "There has been no return
attack of kidney complaint in my
ence since Doan's Kidney Pills cured
me. I am pleased to again recom-
mend this remedy as I have been
fully convinced of its great merit."

For sale by all dealers. Price
50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo,
N. Y., sole agents for the
United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—
and take no other.

FREE TRADE, FREE LOTS, FIVE
SCALES at W. V. Roberts', Cadmus,
Ky., every Saturday, where you will
find live stock to buy and buyers to
buy.

BAD CORN IS DANGEROUS.

The NEWS learns from a Ken-
tucky exchange that one of its
friends was so unfortunate as to
lose two of his wagon horses the
other day, their death being attrib-
uted to eating musty corn or fodder.
Farmers and stock people will be
forced to exercise care in feeding
this season, as there is a great
deal of musty corn.

RHEUMATISM

Dr. Whitehall's
RHEUMATIC REMEDY

For 15 years a Standard Remedy for
all forms of Rheumatism, Arthrosis,
gout, sore muscles, etc., or swollen
joints. It quickly relieves the severe
pains; reduces the fever, and eliminates
the poison from the system. 50 cents
a box of druggists.

Write for a Free trial Box
Dr. Whitehall's Migraine Co.
188 S. Lafayette St., South Bend, Ind.

Coats, Suits, Dresses, Costumes,
Furs, Fur Coats, Millinery
at Sacrifice Prices for This Week.

Our Clearance Sale prices mean more than appears on the surface. In these several departments and while we make no quotations in print the reductions are such that few can afford to pass the opportunity offered in this special sale event. We have made no reservations in the offer—our policy is to make every such sale so attractive and worth so much to the customers that similar future events will not lack for patronage. We are not in business for a day, a week or a month—we are building a business that is a lifetime work—building broadly, symmetrically, and keeping faith with the purchaser, and we could not afford to offer you anything less than the best in any sale event of this character.

Wool Coats for ladies, misses and children

Correctly tailored suits for ladies and misses.

Attractive styles in wool dresses in new fabrics.

Beautiful silk costumes and evening dresses reduced.

Furs and fur coats in all the most attractive styles.

Entire showing in trimmed millinery is sacrifices.

The variety we can offer in each of these numbers will appeal to the discriminating purchaser
and the styles, the fabrics, and the general appearance of these various garments cannot fail to
please. We desire to call attention to one particular fact in regard to sales of this kind at our
store; the most advanced styles are usually left to sell at such sales because the purchasing public
is not quite ready to adopt them when they first make their appearance in the season's purchases.
This fact adds much to the desirability of your purchases in the present sale event.

Styles of this kind demand early attention to insure the best selections and we invite you to
to come early to make your purchases.

The Anderson-Newcomb Co.

Always Busy

Third Avenue

Huntington

DEATH OF MRS. JOHN
R. JUSTICE

The following clippings are from
a paper published at Vernal, Utah,
will be read with interest by many
residents of this country.

On Saturday Dec. 16 the spirit of
Mary Cordile Justice winged its way
to its Maker, there to receive its
final reward. The deceased, by her
estimable traits of character, has
for the past five years, endeared
herself to all who came in contact
with her in Maeser and other parts
of the country in which she has re-
sided.

Mrs. Justice, who is the eldest

daughter of Mrs. Cynthia Vernon,
was born in Millingsburg, Ky., on
Oct. 19, 1856 at which place she
resided until her marriage with
John R. Justice in the year 1871.
She is the mother of eleven chil-
dren, eight of whom survive her.
Mr. and Mrs. Justice came to
Utah in March 1906 and lived at
Maeser until 1908 when they
moved to Moffat where they resided
until the dread disease, Tuberculosis
with which she suffered, became so
bad that they returned to Maeser in
the hope that better attention might
restore her but all to no avail. She
continued to sink until her death
on the date given.

The funeral services were held at
the family residence Monday after-
noon. The Maeser choir rendered
the following selections: "Near
Dear Savior To Thee," "Oh! My
Father," and "Near, My God to
Thee." Hartman Sowards and Bishop
B. O. Colton, Jr. spoke in
praise of the deceased and for the conso-
lation of the bereaved relatives.
Tuesday morning the remains were
taken to Moffat by R. H. Cordle a
brother of the deceased from Wil-
lispur, Ky., and Bert Singleton, the
interment to be made at that place.

Old papers for sale at this office
20¢ per hundred.


ENDICOTT
JOHNSON
& CO.
HIDE TO
WEARER

WINTER GOODS.

Ties, Shirts, Hosiery, Hats,
Clothing, Shoes, Etc.

Buy Now. Winter is not half
over.

W. L. FERGUSON
MAIN STREET,

BRON
CATARRH
RHEUM
ALL DRI
Mary
Val-
turn-

KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "MY LADY OF THE SOUTH," "WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING," etc.

Illustrations by DEARBORN MELVILLE.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Jack Keith, a typical borderman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for robbing their parties of savages. Keith had won his spurs as captain in a Virginia regiment during the civil war. He had left the service to find his old home, his wife, his wife, his friends scattered, and the fascination of wild western life had allure him. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies.

CHAPTER II.—When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men, shot the horses and departed. He searches the victims' Indian papers and a locked with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers.

CHAPTER III.—Keith reaches Carson City and is arrested there charged with murdering and robbing the two travelers. His accuser is given as Black Bart, a notorious ruffian.

CHAPTER IV.—They can readily swear the crime on Keith. The latter goes to jail, realizing the settled law, but his companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia.

It came to Keith now in sudden rush of memory—the drizzling rain in the little cemetery, the few wagons standing about, a narrow fringe of slaves back of them, the lowering of the coffin, and the hollow sound of earth falling on the box; and Neb, his Aunt Cato's house servant, a black limp of good humor, who begged so hard to be taken back with him to the war. Why, the boy had held his stirrup the next morning when he rode away. The sudden rush of recollection seemed to bridge the years, and that black face became familiar, a memory of home.

"Of course, I remember, Neb," he exclaimed, eagerly, "but that's all years ago and I never expected to see you again. What brought you West and got you into this hole?"

The negro blushed up onto the bench, the whites of his eyes, conspiring to stare uneasily about—he sat a short, squat figure, with his broad shoulders, and a face to 6 good humor. House that an' consider'ble ob a to 24. Jack de circumference cold take a beap ob time he began soberly. "But it 'bout dis way. When de coomo snoopin' long de East I reck' maybe it des a year at dat time when we doas burled de ol' Col'—doy burned Missus Cato's house club to de groun'; de ol' Missus was in Richmond den, an' de few negroes left just natchally took to de woods. I went into Richmond hontin' de ol' Missus, but, Lawd, Massa Jack, I nabber foun' nuthin' ob her in dat crowd. Den an' officer man done got me ah' pot me diggin' in de treachery. Ef dat's what wab am, I sho' don' want no mo' wab. Den after dat I jest natchally drifted. I reckon I libbed 'bout everywhar yo' eber heard ob, to dar wnt no use ob me goin' back to de East Sho'. Somebbydy said dat de West am de right place fo' a nigger, an' so I done beaded west."

He dropped his face in his black hands, and was silent for some minutes, but Keith said nothing, and finally the thick voice continued:

"I tell yo', Massa Jack, it wss mighty lonely to' Neb den days. I didn' know whar any ol' yo' all was, an' it wnt no fo' fo' dis nigger bein' free dat away. I go out ter Independence, Missouri, an' was roostaboutin' on de ribber, when a couple ob men come nioing what wanted a cook to trabbel wid 'em. I took de job, an' dat's what fetched me here ter Carson City."

"But what caused your arrest?"

"A conjunction ob circumstances, Massa Jack; yes, sah, a conjunction ob circumstances. I got playin' pokah oba la dat 'Red Light'; an' I was doin' fine. I reckon I'd elenched up mo'n a hundred dollars when I got sleepy, an' started fo' camp. I'd most got dar w'en a bunch ob low white trash jumped me. It made me mad, it did fo' a fact, an' I reckon I carned some ob 'em up befo' I got away. Ennyhow, de marshal come down, took me out ob de tent, an' fetched me here, an' I ben bere eber sence. I wan't goin' ter let no low down white trash git all dat money."

"What became of the men you were working for?"

"I reckon day went on, anh. Dey had 'portent business, an' wouldn't likely wait 'round here jeat ter help a nigger. Ain't ennybody ben here ter see me, nohow, an' I 'spect I've eradicated from dey mem'ry—I 'spect I is."

CHAPTER V.

One Way.

Keith said nothing for some moments, up at the light stealing through the window grating, his eyes again active. The eyes of the two men had the patient look as they watched; evidently had cast aside all responsibility, now that this other had come. Finally Keith spoke slowly:

"We are in much the same position, Neb, and the fate of one is liable to be the fate of both. This is my story."

—and briefly as possible, he ran over the circumstances which had brought him there, putting the situation clear enough for the negro's understanding, without wasting any time upon detail. Neb followed his recital with bulging eyes, and an occasional exclamation. At the end he burst forth:

"Yo' say dnr was two oh dem white men murdered—one ol' man wid n gray beard, n't de older 'bout thirty? Am dat it, Massa Jack, an' dey had to spau ob inutes, an' a roundin' hoss?"

"Yes."

"An' how far oot was it?"

"About sixty miles."

"Oh, de good Lawd!" and the negro threw up his hands dramatically. "Dat suft'ly an' my outfit! Dat am Massa Walter an' John Sibley."

"You mean the same men with whom you came here from Independence?"

Neb nodded, overcome by the discovery.

"But what caused them to run such a risk?" Keith insisted. " Didn't they know the Indians were on the war path?"

"Sho'; I heend 'em talkin' 'bout dat, but Massa White wns jest boon' foh to git movin'. He didn't 'pear to be 'fraid ob no injuns; rock'ned dey'd rubber stop him, but he knew ebber chif ob de plains. I reck' dat he did, too."

"But what was he so anxious to get away for?"

"I dunno, Massa, I done heend 'em talkin' some 'boot dev plans, an' 'bout som' gal day wanted ter fin', but I didn't git no right sense to it. De Gim'mn, he was a might still man."

"The General? Whom do you mean? Not Walter?"

"John Sibley done called him dat." Then Keith remembered; just a dim, misty thread at first, changing slowly into a clear recollection. He was riding with despatchers from Longstreet to Stonewall Jackson, and had been shot through the side. The first of Jackson's troops he reached was a brigade of North Carolina, commanded by General White—General Willis White. He had fled from his horse at the outposts, was brought helpless to the General's tent, and another sent on with the prisoners. And Mrs. White had dressed and bandaged his wound. That was where he had seen that woman's face before, with its haunting familiarity. He drew the locket from beneath his shirt, and gazed at the countenance revealed, with new intelligence. There could be no doubt—it was the face of her who had earned for him so tenderly in that tent at Manassas before the fever came, and he had lost consciousness. And that, then, was Willis White lying in that shallow grave near the Chinnarion Crossing, and for whose death he had been arrested. 'Twas a strange world, and a small one. What a miserable ending to a life like his—a division commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, a Lieutenant-Governor of his state. What strange combination of circumstances could ever have brought such a man to this place, and sent him forth across those Indian-scouted plains? Surely nothing ordinary. And why should those border desperadoes have followed, through sixty miles of desolation, to strike him down? It was not robbery, at least in the ordinary sense. What then? And how was "Black Bart" involved? Why should he be sufficiently interested to swear out a warrant, and then assist in his arrest? There must be something to all this not apparent upon the surface—some object, some purpose shrouded in mystery. No mere quarrel, no ordinary feud, no accident of meeting, no theory of conspiracy, robbery, would account for the deed, or for the desperate efforts now being made to conceal it.

Some way, these questions, thus slogging upon him, became a call to action, to fight, to unravel their mystery. The memory of that sweet-faced woman who had kept above him when the fever began its mystery, appealed to him now with the opportunity of service. He might be able to clear this, bring to her the truth, save her from despair, and stand over to justice the murderers of her husband. It was up to him alone to accomplish this—no one else knew what he knew, suspected what he suspected. And there was but one way—through escape. To remain there in weak surrender to fate could have but one ending, and that swift and sudden. He had no doubt as to "Black Bart's" purpose, or of his ability to use the "Red Light" outfit as desired. The whole plan was plainly evident, and there would be no delay in execution—all they were waiting for was night, and a long guard. He glanced about at the walls of the room, his eyes grown hard, his teeth clenched.

"Neb," he said shortly, "I guess that was your outfit all right, but they were not killed by Indians. They were run down by a gang from this town—the same fellows who have put you and me in here. I don't know what they were after—thief to be found out later—but the fight you put up at the camp spoiled their game for once, and led to your arrest. They failed to get what was wanted in Carson, and so they trailed the party to the Chinnarion Crossing. Then I got on their track, and touring the result, they've landed me also. Now they'll get rid of us both as best they can. These fellows won't want my trial—that would be liable to give the whole trick away—but they have got to put us where we won't talk. There is an easy way to do this, and that is by a lynching here. Do you get my drift, Neb?"

The whites of the negro's eyes were very much in evidence, his hands gripping at the bench on which he sat.

"To' de Lawd, yes, Massa Jack, J' shu' does. I corroborates de whole thing."

"Then you are willing to take a

chance with me?"

"Wittin'? Why, Massa Jack, I'se overjoyed; I ain't gwine leave yer no mo'. I'se sho' gwine ter be yo' nigger. What yo' gwine ter do?"

Keith ran his eyes over the walls, carefully noting every peculiarity.

"We'll remain here quietly just as long as it is daylight, Neb," he replied finally, "but we'll try every board and every log to discover some way out. Just the moment it grows dark enough to slip away without being seen we've got to hit the prairie. Once south of the Arkansas we're safe, but not until then, have you made any effort to get out?"

The negro came over to him, and went down.

"We'll remain here quietly just as long as it is daylight, Neb," he replied finally, "but we'll try every board and every log to discover some way out. Just the moment it grows dark enough to slip away without being seen we've got to hit the prairie. Once south of the Arkansas we're safe, but not until then, have you made any effort to get out?"

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walls offer any better encouragement. Keith lifted himself to the grated window, getting a glimpse of the world without; but finding the iron immovable, the screws solidly imbedded in the outside wood. He dropped to the floor, feeling baffled and disheartened.

"It will have to be the plank buck of the bench, Neb," he announced briefly, wiping the perspiration from his face. "Get down there, and work it as loose as you can without making any noise, while I keep my ear to the door and listen for thy interruption."

They took turns at this labor, discovering a loose nail which gave an opening purchase at the crack, thus enabling the insertion of a small wooden block, and insuring space for a good finger grip when the right time came. A sleepy Mexican brought in their dinner, and set it down on the bench without a word, but on his return with supper, the marshall accompanied him, and remained while they ate, talking to Keith, and staring at the room. Fortunately, the single window was to the west, the last rays of the sun struck the opposite wall, leaving the space behind the bench in deep shadow. Whatever might be the plans of "Black Bart" and his cronies, Keith was soon convinced they were unknown to Hicks, who had evidently been deceived into thinking that this last arrest had created no excitement.

"That's why we picked you up so early," he explained, genially. "First said if we got to you before the boys woke up they'd never hear within 'bout it, an' so that wouldn't be no row. He didn't even think third had any need of keepin' a special guard ter-night, but I reckon I won't take no such chance as that, an' I'll have a couple o' deputies prowlin' round for sure. When Carson does wake up, she's hell."

He left them tobacco and pipes, and went away evidently convinced that he had performed his full duty. The two prisoners, puffing smoke rings into the air, heard the heavy clang of the iron bar falling into place across the door, and sat looking into one another's faces through the deepening twilight. In the mind of both black and white reposed the same thought. The negro was first to break the silence.

"Tears ter me, Massa Jack, like dis yere Bart person on mighty anxious ter hab no suspicion raised."

"Anybody but Hicks would see that," acknowledged the other, the rings of smoke circling his head. "But he hasn't any brains. It was pure nerve that got him the job. Well, this is one time that 'Bart person' is going to find an empty coop. We'll get out, Neb, just as soon as it gets dark enough. Hicks isn't likely to put on his extra guard for a hour yet, and the 'Red Light' bunch won't be fit for business much before midnight. By that time we'll be in the sand hills, heading south, ably to give them a run for their money—we'll have horses, too, if we can find them."

The negro's eyes shone white. "Fo' de Lawd's sake, Massa," he protested, "dat's shoo' to be a hangin' job if elber day catched us."

Keith laughed, knocking out the ashes from his pipe. "With an hour's start that will be the least of my troubles," he said, quietly.

CHAPTER VI.

The Escape.

It was dark enough for their purpose in half an hour, the only glimmer of remaining color being the red glow of the negro's pipe, even the opening in

bear down—put your whole weight on it, boy."

The two flung themselves upon the end of the bench, leaping up and down so as to add weight to power. Something had to give, either the stout wood of their improvised lever or else the holding of the plank. For an instant it seemed likely to be the former; then, with a shrill acreach, the long spoked yoked and the board suddenly gave. With shoulders inserted beneath, the two men heaved it still higher, ramming the bench below so as to leave the opening clear. This was now sufficiently ample for the passage of a man's body, and Keith, lowering himself, discovered the earth to be fully four feet below. The negro instantly joined him, and they began creeping about in the darkness, seeking some way out. A rudely laid foundation of limestone along obstructed their path to the open air. This had been laid in mortar, but on its return with supper, the marshall accompanied him, and remained while they ate, talking to Keith, and staring at the room. Fortunately, the single window was to the west, the last rays of the sun struck the opposite wall, leaving the space behind the bench in deep shadow. Whatever might be the plans of "Black Bart" and his cronies, Keith was soon convinced they were unknown to Hicks, who had evidently been deceived into thinking that this last arrest had created no excitement.

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Keith laughed, knocking out the ashes from his pipe.

"With an hour's start that will be the least of my troubles," he said, quietly.

"Then two of them must belong to us; come on, boy."

He ran forward, crouching behind every chance cover, and keeping well back behind the line of shacks. A slight depression in the prairie helped conceal their movements, and neither spoke until they were crouching together beside the wall of the shop. Then Neb, teeth chattering, managed to blurt out:

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, yer don't actually mean ter atend dem horses?"

Keith glanced about at the other's dim, black shadow.

"Sure not; just borrow 'em."

"But dat's a hangin' job in dis yere country, Massa Jack."

"Sure it is if they catch us. But we'd be strung up anyway, and we can't be hung twice. Besides there is a chance for me with the ponies, and none at all without. An hour's start in the saddle, Neb, and this bunch back here will never even find our trail; I pledge you that. Come, boy, stay close with me."

It was the quiet, confident voice of assured command, of one satisfied with his plans, and the obedient negro, breathing hard, never dreamed of opposition; all instinct of slavery held him to the dominion of this white master. Keith leaned forward, staring at the string of deserted ponies tied to the rail. Success depended on his choice, and he could judge very little in that darkness. Men were struggling in along the street to their right, on foot and horseback, and the slogan on the corner was being well patronized. A glow of light attested forth from the window, and there was the sound of many voices. But this narrow alley was deserted, and black. The fugitive stepped boldly forward, afraid that otherwise he might startle the ponies and thus create an alarm. Guided by a horseman's instinct he swiftly ran his hands over the animals and made quick selection.

"Here, Neb, take this fellow; lead him quietly down the bank," and he thrust the loosened rein into the black's hand.

An instant later he had chosen his own mount, and was silently moving in the same direction, although the night there was so black that the obdient negro had already entirely vanished. The slope of the bank not only helped cover their movements, but also rendered it easy for them to find one another. Fully a hundred yards westward they met; where a gully led directly down toward the river. There was no longer need for remaining on foot, as they were a sufficient distance away from the little town to feel no fear of being discovered, unless by some drunken straggler. At Keith's command the negro climbed into his saddle. Both ponies were restive, but not vicious, and after a plunge or two, to test their new masters, came easily under control. Keith led the way, moving straight down the gully, which gradually deepened, burying them in its black heart, until it finally debouched onto the river banks. The ringtones of the drunken town died slowly away behind, the night silent and dark. The two riders could

scarcely distinguish one another as they drew rein at the edge of the water. To the southward there gleamed a cluster of lights, marking the position of the camp of regulars. Keith drove his horse deeper into the stream and headed northward, the negro following like a shadow.

There was a ford directly opposite the cantonment, and another, more dangerous, and known to only a few, three miles farther up stream. Keeping well within the water's edge, so as to thus completely obscure their trail, yet not daring to venture deeper for fear of striking quicksand, the plainsman set his pony struggling forward, until the dim outline of the bank at his right rendered him confident that they had attained the proper point for crossing. He had been that way once before, and realized the danger of attempting passage in such darkness, but urgent need drove him forward.

"Follow me just as close as you can, boy," he said sternly, "and keep both your feet out of the stirrups. If your horse goes down hang to his tail, and let him swing out." There was little enough to guide by, merely a single faint star peering out from a rift of the clouds, but Keith's remembrance was that the ford led straight out to the center of the stream, and then veered slightly toward the right. He knew the sand ridge was only used by horsemen, not being wide enough for the safe pass-

"Yes, and a big one, too; fill it and strap it on tight; we've got a long, dry ride ahead."

"Whar' yo' propose goin', Massa Jack?"

"To the 'Bar X' on the Canadian. I've worked with that outfit. They'll give us whatever we need, and ask no questions; I don't know of anything in between. It's going to be a hard ride, boy, and mighty little to eat except what I saved from supper."

"How far am I to dis yere Bar X?"

"A hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies, and sand all the way, except for the valley of Salt Fork. Come on now, and keep close, for it's easy to get lost in these sand hills."

Keith had ridden that hundred and fifty miles of sandy desolation before, but had never been called upon to make such a journey as this proved to be. He knew there was little to fear from human enemies, for they were riding far enough east of the Santa Fe trail to be out of the path of raiding parties, while this desert country was shunned by Indian hunters. It consisted of sand hill after sand hill, a drear waterless waste, where nothing grows, and mid the dread semaines of which a traveler could only find passage by the guidance of stars at night or the blazing sun by day. To the eye mile after mile appeared exactly alike, with nothing whatever to distinguish either distance or direction—the same drifting ridges of sand stretching forth in every direction, no summit higher than another, no semiblue of green shrubbery, or silver sheen of running water anywhere to break the dull monotony—a vast sandy plain, devoid of life, extending to the horizon, overhung by a barren sky.

They had covered ten miles of it by daybreak, their ponies traveling heavily, fetlock deep, but could advance no further. With the first tint of rose in the east the broiling sun burst upon them in wild desert fury, the fierce wind buffeting them back, lashing their faces with sharp grit until they were unable to bear the pain. The flying sand smote them in clouds, driven with the speed of bullets. In vain they lay flat, urging their ponies forward; the beasts, maddened and blinded by the merciless lashing of the sand, refused to face the storm. Keith, all sense of direction long since lost, rolled wearily from the saddle, burrowed under the partial shelter of a sand dune, and called upon Neb to follow him. With their hands and feet they made a slight wind-break, dragging the struggling ponies into its protection, and burrowed themselves there, the clouds of sand skurrying over them so thick as to obscure the sky, and rapidly burying them altogether as though in a grave. Within an hour they were compelled to dig themselves out, yet it proved partial escape from the pitiless lashing. The wind howled like unleashed demons, and the air grew cold, adding to the sting of the grit; when some sudden eddy hurried into their hiding place. To endeavor further travel would mean certain death, for no one could have guided a course for a hundred feet through the tempest, which seemed to suck the very breath away. To the fugitives came this comfort—if they could not advance, then no one else could follow, and the storm was completely blotting out their trail.

It was three o'clock before it died sufficiently down for them to venture out. Even then the air remained full of sand, while constantly shifting ridges made travel difficult. Only grim necessity—the suffering of the ponies for water, and their own need for soon reaching the habitation of man and acquiring food—drove them to the early venture. They must attain the valley of the Salt Fork that night, or else perish in the desert—there remained no other choice. Tying neckerchiefs over their horses' eyes, and lying flat themselves, they succeeded in pressing slowly forward, winding in and out among the shifting dunes, with only the wind to guide them. It was an awful trall, the hoofs sinking deep in drifting sand, the struggling ponies becoming so exhausted that their riders finally dismounted, and staggered forward on foot, leading them stumbling blindly after. Once the negro's horse dropped, and had to be lashed to its feet again; once Keith's pony stumbled and fell on him, hurling him face down into the sand, and he would have died there, lacking sufficient strength to lift the dead weight, but for Neb's assistance. As it was he bent staggering blindly forward, brained, and faint from hunger and fatigue. Neither man spoke; they had no breath nor energy left to waste; every ounce of strength needed to be conserved for the battle against nature. They were fighting for life; fighting grimly, almost hopelessly, and alone.

At about them night finally closed in, black and starless, yet fortunately with a gradual dying away of the storm. For an hour just their horses remained still, the fugitives toiling steadily upstream, guided only by the black outline of the low bank upon their left.

CHAPTER VII.

in the Sand Desert.

Suddenly Keith halted, bringing his pony's head sharply about, so that the two faced one another. The wind was rising, hurling clouds of sand into their eyes, and the plainsman held one hand before his face.

"There's no need of keeping up a water trail any longer," he said quietly. "By all the signs we're in for a sand storm by daylight, and that will cover our tracks so the devils highest couldn't follow them. Got a water bag on your saddle."

"I reckon dat's am one, anh."

Keith felt of the object Neb held forth,

in their saddles, the riders let them go, and they never stopped until fully deep in the stream, their noses buried. The men shivered in their saddles until, at last satisfied, the ponies consented to be forced back up the bank, where they nibbled at the short tufts of herbage, but in a manner expressive of weariness. Keith flung himself on the ground, every muscle of his body aching, his exposed flesh still smirking from the ball of sand through which they had passed.

He had not the slightest conception as to where they were, except he knew this must be the Salt Fork. Utterly confused by the maze of shifting dunes, through whose intricacies they had somehow found passage, the blackness of the night yielded no clue as to their point of emergence. The volume of water in the stream alone suggested that in their wanderings they must have drifted to the eastward, and come out much lower down than had been originally intended. If so, then they might be almost directly south of Carson City, and in a section with which he was totally unacquainted. One thing was, however, certain—they would be compelled to wait for daylight to ascertain the truth, and decide upon their future movements.

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"The negro stared, shaking with cold, and scarcely able to stand alone.

"Maybe it am de moon, Massa Ja-k," he muttered, thickly, "or a goblin's lantern. Lawd, I don't jest like de looks ob dat ting."

"Well, I do," and Keith laughed un-easily at the negro's fears. "All I wanted to know was if you saw what I saw. That's a lamp shinig through a window, Neb. What in heaven's name it can be doing here I am unable to guess, but I'm going to find out. It means shelter and food, boy, even if we have to fight for it. Come on, the horses are safe, and we'll discover what is behind that light yonder."

CHAPTER VIII.

The Wilderness Cabin.

The light was considerably farther away than they had at first supposed, and as they advanced steadily toward it, the nature of the ground rapidly changed, becoming irregular, and littered with low growing shrubs. In the darkness they stumbled over outcroppings of rock, and after a fall or two, were compelled to move forward with extreme caution. But the mysterious yellow glow continually beckoned, and with new hope animating the hearts of both men, they staggered on, nervously themselves to the effort, and following closely along the bank of the stream.

At last they arrived where they could perceive dimly something of the nature of this unexpected desert oasis.

The light shone forth, piercing the night, through the uncurtained window of a log cabin, which would otherwise have been completely concealed from view by a group of low growing cottonwoods. This was all the black, enshrouding night revealed, and even this was merely made apparent by the yellow illumination of the window. The cabin stood upon an island, a strip of sand, partially covered by water, separating it from the north shore on which they stood. There was no sign of life about the hut, other than the burning lamp, but that alone was sufficient evidence of occupancy. In spite of hunger and urgent need, Keith hesitated, uncertain as to what they might be called upon to face. Who could be living in this out-of-the-way spot, in the heart of this inhospitable desert? It would be no cattle outpost surely, for there was no surrounding grazing land, while surely no professional hunter would choose such a barren spot for headquarters. Either a hermit, anxious to escape all intercourse with humanity, or some outlaw

"I am not afraid," she answered, looking toward him around the short curtain.

"Only it is so lonely here, and you started me, bursting in without warning. But you look all right, and I am going to believe your story. What is your name?"

"Keith—Jack Keith."

"A cowman?"

"A little of everything, I reckon," a touch of returning bitterness in the tone. "A plainsman, who has punched cattle, but my last job was government scout."

"You look as though you might be more than that," she said slowly. "To be continued next week."

Old papers for sale at this off

20¢ per hundred.

select so isolated a place in which to live. To them it would be ideal. Away from all trails, where not even wild roving cattle would penetrate, in midst of a desert avoided by Indians because of lack of game—a man might hide here year after year without danger of discovery. Yet such a man would not be likely to welcome their coming, and they would without arms. But Keith was not a man to hesitate long because of possible danger, and he stepped down into the shallow water.

"Come on, Neb," he commanded, "and we'll find out who lives here."

The wind faced the west, and he came up the low bank to where the door fronted the north in intense darkness. Under the shadow of the cottonwoods he could see nothing, groping his way, with hands extended.

